

As the dog *Jew* did utter in the streets:
 My daughter! o my ducats! o my daughter!
 Fled with a christian! o my christian ducats!
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,
 Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
 And jewels, two stones, rich and precious stones,
 Stol'n by my daughter! justice! find the girl!
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats.

Sal. Why, all the boys in *Venice* follow him,
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Sola. Let good *Anthonio* look he keep his day,
 Or he shall pay for this.

Sal. Marry, well remember'd.
 I reason'd with a *Frenchman* yesterday,
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part
 The *French* and *English*, there miscarried
 A vessel of our country richly fraught:
 I thought upon *Anthonio* when he told me,
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

Sola. You were best to tell *Anthonio* what you hear;
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

Sal. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
 I saw *Bassanio* and *Anthonio* part.
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
 Of his return: he answer'd, do not so,
 Slubber not business for my sake, *Bassanio*,
 But stay the very riping of the time;
 And for the *Jew's* bond which he hath of me,
 Let it not enter in your mind, of love:
 Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship, and such fair ostents of love
 As shall conveniently become you there.
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
 And with affection wond'rous sensible

He